Then to ſuſpition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe ſo my Lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſſe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Caſsio's* my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee you are moou'd,

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.

Iag. Long liue ſhe ſo, and long liue you to thinke ſo.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may ſmell in ſuch a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doeſt perceiue, let me know more, ſet on
Thy wife to obſerue: leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honeſt creature doubtleſſe
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

Iag My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To ſcan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
And though tis fit that *Caſsio* haue his place,
(For ſure he fills it vp with great ability,)
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that, perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady ſtraine her entertainement,
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue, to feare I am:)

And hold her free, I doe beſeech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned ſpirit
Of humane dealings: If I doe proone her haggard,
Tho that her Ieſſes were my deare heart ſtrings,
I'de whiſtle her off, and let her downe the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation,
That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Muſt be to loath her: O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vſes: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the baſe,
Tis deſteny, vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Deſdemona* comes,
If ſhe be falſe, O then heauen mocks it ſelfe,
Ile not beleeue it.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.

Deſ. How now my deare *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlander
By you inuited, doe attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Deſ. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heare.

Deſ. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe;
Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.

Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.